

*The
Charles
Viewer
1984*

*Fisher Junior
College*

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the Literature Club of Fisher Junior College

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rewarding year.

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The Charles Viewer

1984

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Lisa Gori	Mary Alice Sullivan
April Lawrence	Sandie Sullivan
Tracy LeCompte	Anna Tollis
Cathy MacDonald	Diane Trolla
Sandie Malone	Lisa Wilson
Madeline Mangino	Elizabeth Wygonowski

Crackle, crackle
Mesmerizing light
Darken the day
Light up the night.

Burn, burn
So fearless and mean
Destroy our hopes
Vanish our dreams.

Smoke, smoke
Leave us alone
Leave us with nothing
Murder our home.

Madeline Sherwood

FIRST PRIZE
LITERATURE CLUB POETRY CONTEST

Rocking chair, rocking chair, full of delight,
Your motion relaxes me night after night.
Wicker and wooden, shiny and smooth,
Your natural shape comforts and soothes.
A friend during bad times, a joy during good,
I'd take you everywhere if only I could.

Michelle Chilante

Falling from heaven
Covering so daintily
Magically it snows

Cathy MacDonald

Getting stoned on sunshine
Getting high on air
Getting to it naturally
Really gettin' there
I got such a hold on
Loving what I do
I'm so full of happiness
Hooked on something new
My pot is filled with flowers
My grass is bright and green
My tea is brewin' in my cup
And still I make the scene
Please don't try to change me
I love the world I've found
Got to fly my own sweet way
Don't try to shoot me down.

Petrina Sessa

Beautiful June days
Children playing in sunshine
What sunshine can do.

Anna Tollis

"My Silent Memories"

A picture of you sits on my desk,
 bringing back many memories,
 both good and bad.
Memories of horror, the times I pleaded
 with you so you wouldn't
 hurt me.
And the good memories, the times
 when we were alone together,
 and the night seemed endless. . . .

Elizabeth Ekborg

Silent snow, so soft
Awakening with the sun
Silence forever

Lisa Wilson

Oh, rain, go away--
You have ruined a great day
Come back, sun, and shine.

Lori Getson

As I said to my reflection in the mirror so long ago,
you're just what people see you to be.

You can be beautiful, ugly, fat, thin, present or absent.
You're just a picture, an image to behold.

You're just a shell with no trace of your inner beauty
to be seen.

As I said to my reflection, there's more than meets
the eye; a shelter can give no clue to its inhabitants.

Michelle Chilante

"The Sea"

Hearing the water crash against the rocky shore,
Feeling the cool breeze and wishing for some more.

Seeing the sea gulls sweep down to catch their prey,
Wondering where they're going as they go on their way.

The atmosphere is peaceful and as calm as can be.
What do you expect when you're sitting near the sea?

Debbie Catalano

Crackling of the fire
Burning bright in the nighttime
Dead in the morning

Lori Farber

"Good-bye"

You should have told me you were leaving.
I would have said good-bye.
Yet you go on with your deceiving,
Saying that it's only for a while.

And still you take me for the fool I used to be
And I lead you to believe I'm still the same
And you're so blind that you can't see,
That I've gone insane.

So you've left me, make no mistake.
I didn't even cry.
My heart's of stone; it will not break.
I now can say good-bye.

Cheryl Lee Black

My mother
Always said,
"Damn you kids,
Enough is enough,
Listen to me!
If you do
Not--you will get the 'or
Else!'"

Madeline Sherwood

In a state of noise
and confusion, all the
world seems only an illusion.
All the dreams that ever
mattered, only end up
being shattered.

Diane Trolla

"8-3-83"

You asked me last night who held the
key to my heart,
And I know now it's not you.
Somehow I knew from the beginning
That you were too good to be true.

Elizabeth Ekborg

A beautiful sight
The crystal-colored, blue sea
Splashing carelessly.

Cindy Drury

The wet leaves sparkle
far away a rooster crows
a new day begins.

Chris Staples

"Like A Candle of Love"

Lightening the halls of depression,
You came into my life
But candles do not last forever,
Neither will your love.
Once again I will wander blindly.

Brenda Sena

It walked along the path,
a pigeon bobbing its head,
in search of some bread.

Kimberly Norton

Fast runs the blackcat
awaiting the tinymouse
Dinner is served.

Katherine Glynn

Blue and crystal clear
Splashing up against the rocks
Ocean invites us.

Lisa Materese

"A Good Place"

Sitting near the ocean
On the rocks with the cool sea wind
Softly blowing on my face

Watching the sculptured waves
Race to shore

Blue sky with the sound
Of seagulls as they gracefully soar

Isn't this the perfect place, Debbie,
To daydream?

Debbie Catalano

Leaves change their colors
as they scatter on the ground
Autumn is here.

Kathy Reddington

"Our Friendship"

Thinking of friends means so much
It's something there's never enough time for.
Sharing, caring and things as such
Just make you want to think even more.

As friendships grow, so do we.
We learn how to think and care
As if we were always the same.
We voice our opinions
We settle our differences
We share our secrets
We look out for each other.

The more I think of memories shared,
The more I smile at my thoughts.
The more I smile at my thoughts,
The more I think of memories shared.
Just a continuous process in my mind.

I just want to tell you
That as my friend I think of you.
Time goes by and things are left behind.
Tell me you won't ever let go
Of a most important thing in life.
Tell me you will always hold on
To our friendship.

Janet L. Fisher

The flower is open
The bee has come to rest there
And takes time to stay.

April Lawrence

Time--each day's wonder
Slips away, taking lives with it.
Where does it go to?

Elizabeth Wygonowski

My eyes filled with tears as I watched my home burn. I sat there on the grass, clinging to my oldest sister, and tearfully watched six years of memories get swallowed by the blaze. I remember watching the blue September sky turn grey with smoke. I remember hearing the crackle of the wood, the sobs and moans of my family, and, finally, sirens that were just too late. We stood there helplessly, waiting for it all to end.

This was not the first fire my family went through, and it was not to be our last. Months before I was born, our house had caught fire, but the flames only damaged a small part of our home. Our third fire happened only five months after the second. This time, a fire engulfed our trailer and almost claimed the life of one of my sisters. She escaped without any physical damage, yet we were all left with emotional scars. Everything seemed to have been lost in the fires. Our hopes and dreams, especially my mother's, became ashes. I feel that because of the fires, I can accept losing, and thus I am a stronger person.

Madeline Sherwood

"Maybe Someday"

It's hard to let go.
Maybe it's better this way.
I need time to find myself,
Know who I am.
You need to find yourself too.
Maybe someday,
When we've both found ourselves,
We'll find each other, again.

Lisa Gori

"Yet Another Farewell"

This is yet another farewell
to a love that is gone.
I thought I was needed,
but I guess I didn't belong.

You say you have a new life
and new friends are hard to find,
and now that you have them,
you are leaving me behind.

Well, it was bound to happen,
with us living so far away;
you were here yesterday,
now you are gone today.

Life continues onward,
and along with it, I must too,
but memories will arouse
memories of me and you.

Lisa J. Roberts

Pick up the pieces and dry your eyes
"It's not that bad,
We'll get by."
Hold me close and don't let go
Squeeze my hand and don't let go.

Sweep up the ashes and start to roam
"We'll look really hard
And find a home."
Hold me close and don't let go
Squeeze my hand but don't let go.

Madeline Sherwood

"Waves"

crashing
endless waves land,
softly caressing shore,
returning to the ocean night . . .
to drown

Maryalice Sullivan

"A Ride Into Darkness"

The breeze of the night,
A soft quiet noise,
A dim light to guide the way.
Two feet peddling,
Two more behind,
Riding to a destination.
Riding into the night,
Night, the destination.

Elizabeth Ekborg

Winter days are cold
Spring is a time of rebirth
But Summer is life.

Maria Schirripa

The sun rose today
Blue skies everywhere around
But snow is still here.

April Lawrence

"A Tear"

A clear, glistening
drop,
Slowly cascading,
Following the dewy
trail
Of others before it.

Cindy Osiecki

"Love? What is Love?"

Love stinks, but is oh so sweet.
It is disappointing, yet blindly
 hopeful;
It knocks you down and tramples you,
Yet has the power to sweep you up in
 Its arms.
It is both ravenous emptiness,
 and satisfyingly filling.
Love is both worth living and
 dying for.
It is cold, harsh reality and
 gentle optimism.
It is rapture and anguish.
It can make you soar to wondering
 heights--
And cause you to plunge to the darkest
 depths.
Love can be all of these things or none.
Love is Life's gratest paradox--
The most sought and feared Animal on
 earth.

Cindy Osiecki

If only to have wings
to fly out of this unhappy being
But what would be better?

Aileen McCarthy

"A Love of a Lifetime"

You are so far from me that
I can't reach out to touch you.
Our words are the connection
to a love of a lifetime.

Words were taken for granted
until we parted.
Now they mean everything
to a love of a lifetime.

The places we went together
were just sights, so we thought.
Now they are symbols
of a love a lifetime.

When we are finally together
in person and thought,
We will have all these pieces,
of a love of a lifetime.

Lisa J. Roberts

Fallen butterflies fly
back to the open blue sky
The sun so very hot.

Sandie Malone

"Love"

A tender kiss,
A treasured embrace.
A heart full of memories,
A future full of dreams
 And hopes
 And secret desires.
But what is Love
 Without you?

Surrounded by a warm breeze,
 all so familiar,
 too quickly you are alone.

Cindy Osiecki

Look at the eagle,
Floating so gracefully like
a kite in the air.

Jocelyn Demers

"Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow"

Yesterday, I was there.
Today, I am here.
Tomorrow, where will I be?

All that we did yesterday,
All that we're doing today,
Will tomorrow be, I hope, the same.

The memories of good times,
The sharing of moments now,
Tomorrow these moments will be memories too.

Yesterday, I loved you.
Today, I love you still.
Tomorrow, I'll love you even more.
But will you still be there?

Janet L. Fisher

Having lots of fun
Snowballs coming one by one
Falling to the ground

Lori Farber

"Darkness"

It is dark and damp;
I cannot see clearly what surrounds me.
Blurred visions of you getting closer,
Yet amid an uncertainty
Which separates us.

Maria M. Freitas

"Midnight Sun"

The sun is setting.
The light is fading.
The moon slowly rises to meet the gray.
The sounds die down as the day comes to a close.
All is silent but the wind which whistles through
the trees and against the houses.
The night is upon us as we continue on . . .

The sun shall rise at dawn and set before long.
A day goes by like a minute in time.
Before you know, you're nearing the
sunset to cross the horizon.
What will you encounter after the crossing?
Is there another world out there somewhere?
Will you find it, and if you do,
Will I be told?
You take your chances; your cards are down.
Soon you are lucky; but then you frown.
Against your face, you fight the wind.
You try to run, but you're kept within.
The dusk is near, and the day is beyond.
The test is the voyage and how you respond!

Kathryne Bercel

"Words"

You said I didn't tell you.
I know that I did.
You said you didn't hear me.
I know that you didn't want to.

I spoke the words, but not
The ones you wanted to hear.
You never listened to all of the words,
Only the ones you wanted to believe.

I told you goodbye.
You didn't listen.
Now that I'm leaving,
You tell me that I
Never said goodbye.

Janet L. Fisher

Walking in the sand
Watching the waves rolling by
The ocean is free.

Sandie Sullivan

"It's Time For Moving On"

We've travelled a long, long time together,
and there have been a lot of good things on the
way.

But now it's almost time for leaving, and
the things I feel inside are very hard to say.
But it's time for moving on, my friend;

hold back all the tears and sorrow.

It finally is time to go our separate ways.

And I want to wish you well, my friend,

as we search for new tomorrows.

Go as you must, but please--

do not forget the yesterdays.

Remember the dreams we dreamed together,

all of the joys we shared in getting to today.

Now, just one time before you leave me,

reach out and take my hand and

help me walk away.

For it's time for moving on, my friend.

Kathy Otis

A rosebud appears
As days pass, it slowly blooms
To its full beauty.

Anne Smudin

"Spring Dandelion"

Dandelion,
A yellow flower before it turns soft and gray
Close your eyes, blow, and make a wish
Blow the seeds into the air.

After flying in the air for awhile
The seeds will land and replant themselves
and soon new wishes will grow.

Debbie Catalano

A soft, cotton cloud,
warm, cozy, comfortable,
sleep the day away.

Marcy Siegal

The cold winter moon
The guiding light toward home
The path is frozen.

Marion Butt

"Beach Dream"

Lying lazily on baked sand,
Bodies roasting in steamy heat,
Minds drift with the wavering waters.
Thoughts flow breezily
Creating private fantasies
Unfolding hidden desires,
Revelling in a secret world.
Abruptly awaken,
Desolation overwhelms; leave with
sweet memories.

Cindy Osiecki

"Still in Search"

My heart is still searching,
Searching for a man to hold me.
When I finally meet the right man,
When will I know?
Will there be a flutter in my heart
Which will tell me "it's him"?
Will there be a sparkle in his
eye and a soft hand in mine?

Elizabeth Ekborg

"No, Dear, I Will Never Forget"

You let me be myself,
Something no one else has done.
You tell me I am special,
And that I am the only one.

The love we share is special,
Unique in every way.
So why my tears for you,
At night as well as day?

The memories of us will never be lost,
Of that I am perfectly sure.
Because when I see your face,
The times we have shared appear.

Lovers come and lovers go;
We both knew that from the start.
But I never thought I would feel this way.
You surely have a piece of my heart.

Although you are so far away,
I feel you are always near.
The memories of our love will never depart,
Of that you need not fear.

Remember the time that we skipped rocks,
By the pond with a six of Strohs?
No, dear, I will never forget.
Only heaven knows.

Karen Mead

"What Is Love?"

What is love?

Is it comfort, or is it pain,
Is it happy, or is it sad?
Could it be forever, or just a day?
Could it be for everyone, or just one?
Is it togetherness, or is it loneliness?
Is it none or all of the above?

Lisa J. Roberts

"Not Quite"

Edging toward sanity
But not quite making it
Nearing a solution
But not quite making it

Reaching the end
Without completing
Your journey
Saying goodbye
Before saying hello

Walking away
Without turning your back
Exiting
But not quite.

Maria M. Freitas

In the dead of night.
Snow makes the earth seem alive.
Night used to be dim.

Donna Famolare

As I sit and look through my iron eyes,
I can only see the dark and gloomy skies.

Although the clouds are translucent,
I still can't see, because I
Know he will never be.

I turn my head and look the other way to see the sun,
So happy and gay. I look beyond the vibrant shine,
only to realize he never was truly mine.

Things have changed; it's not the same.
Now either way I look, there is no one to blame.

I look far and wide, then
just sit back and think
how lucky I am.

Julie McGloin

Cold as snow and ice
Where are the birds flying to?
Winter has arrived.

Annette Antinarelli

Rain that is falling
nourishes plants and flowers
produces rainbows.

Debbie Giara

"Never-Ending Circle"

I am trapped in a circle of never-ending
confusion. It's speeding up,
it's building, I'm losing.
I show my hand for someone to help
me out, but no one sees it, so I scream
and shout.
No one hears me, what can I do?
So I sit and I wait till someone
pulls me through.
I see someone coming, so I jump
and I scream. Then they disappear--
damn, it was a dream.
Someone help me, I can't take much
more. I see visions of me lying
dead, on the floor.
I don't want to die; there's life
through that door. Please
help me stay off that ugly, red floor.

Lisa J. Roberts

"A Blind Date"

Waiting anxiously for his knock,
Afraid and also hopeful,
Imagining the man of your dreams,
Often finding only a tolerable
 facade covering a monster
 from one of your worst nightmares.
Although you keep repeating to
 yourself,
"I know blind dates are stupid,"
The next time a "friend" asks
 to set you up,
You cringe--and accept.

Cindy Osiecki

"Life and Death"

A seed in the spring
And a flower in the summer
Petals die in fall.

Christine Sullivan

Life is there, all around us, but it's not what it
appears to be. Nothing is what it appears to be.
Everything is what you make it.
If you want to be happy, you're happy. If you want to
be bored, you're bored. If you want to be loved,
you're loved.
But you have to be imaginative, creative, open minded.
If you block your thoughts or imagination, you'll
get nowhere.
You have to set priorities; you have to set your goals.
You have to have something to live for, to work for,
to work towards.
Don't be afraid to venture. Curiosity is natural; try
new things, seek new goals. Work to better old
goals, work to further your accomplishments.
Dare to be you!

Michelle Chilante

The warm sun shines on my face
As I sit here in wonderment
Watching the trickling water pass
To its final resting place.

Though I know it's going somewhere--
Its destination makes me wonder.
Could it be better in the end?

And these flowers I see bloom every spring
Along the water banks,
Do the flowers there bloom eternally?

I guess I'll never know the answers
Till I go myself
On the journey that is ahead of me
To a place that compels me so. . . .

Rhonda Rawson

"Ship That Rules"

Tell me quick, hear my plea,
I've spent my life upon the sea,
Which has ruled and made me free
- A loner.

Everything I asked about
Seemed to be left in constant doubt.
As I stood there on the deck,
My face revealed a lonesome wreck.
And when I strolled the bridge one night,
A voice I heard gave me a fright.
I saw it by the candlelight
- my shadow.

I realized that I was alone.
I had no wife.
I had no home.
All that remains is my crew of fools,
on this great ship that rules.

Lisa Gori

Sun shining brightly
flowers sprouting from the ground
All kinds of colors.

Kathy Reddington

The saltwater smell
the calling of the seagulls
Waves along the beach.

Debbie Giara

Under the moonlight
The ocean moves toward the shore
Brushing upon sands.

Madeline Mangino

I watched a movie on television last night.
It was about nuclear war.
It showed what would happen to us
and the earth, after a nuclear war.
It showed people dying, and mountains burning.
There was a political discussion afterwards.
I watched it with my roommates.
We laughed and then we cried.
When the movie was over, I looked out the window.
I looked to the sky for an answer.
I wished on a star for the solution.
I smelled the still fresh air for consolation.
I then looked to the street.
I felt pity for the people and shame before nature.
I felt shame that people had brought our
world to the brink of destruction.

Today I heard that even if we wanted to rid
ourselves of nuclear weapons, it would be almost
impossible to dispose of them.
I felt a tear form.
It didn't have enough strength to roll down my cheek.

Tracy LeCompte
One of the Crowd

"Here and Gone"

Here one day,
Gone the next,
Not enough time
To live and experience
The best.

Maria M. Freitas

"Night Time Has Fallen"

The night is cold.
The streets are empty.
The mist slowly covers the houses.
Are you scared?
Is someone there?
You think to run,
But you think again . . .
Can you hide?
What are you running from?
Do you know?
Stop and think a while . . .
What might your life be like,
Alone and afraid,
Not a soul to turn to,
No shoulder to cry on?
But then again,
Do you need anyone?
Or can you survive alone?

Sometimes you can,
sometimes you can't.

Sometimes you would,
sometimes you wouldn't.

Sometimes you could,
sometimes you couldn't.

Now's your chance.
You feel as free as the wind,
as high as the sky.
Watch it! Don't trip and fall!
Just keep your eyes on the future,
not the past, nor the present,
for those will soon be forgotten!

Then again, the future will soon become the past!

Kathy BerceL

"Never Really Lost"

The dolls have walked away
Their cries still linger
Hair pins, and ribbons, and bows.
The colors are now blurred
Crayons, and pencils, and pens
No longer write on
School books, papers, projects, reports.
Teacher didn't believe me.
Money
Ah, I'm sure it was found (:)
Phone numbers,
Addresses,
They'd have to change someday.
Car keys,
Damn, where did I put them?
Friends,
Only true friendship lasts forever,
And yes,
Sometimes
My Sanity

Madeline Sherwood

Building rises up
A part of the city dies--
Old replacing new.

Elizabeth Wygonowski

Morning dew has come
The birds are singing their songs
A new day has come.

Sandie Sullivan

"Shooting Star"

I wished upon a shooting star,
late one summer night,
And as I did, it sailed away,
as if it were a kite.

Somehow I felt the wish I had
was destined to come true,
And sure enough the wish I made
was in the form of you.

No cloud could ever darken
the sunlight in your eyes.
They hold your deepest feelings,
extending warm and wise.

I've found a peace within you,
no other man could hold.
A love for life and beauty
that never could grow old.

Somehow that little star that night,
sailing high above,
Knew all that I was asking for,
and sent it in your love.

Lisa Gori

Up, up, and away--
How I wish that I could drift
like a huge balloon!

Linda Fitzgerald

"Edges"

I entered the rink so cold and alone;
my coach said, "Okay, Lynne, you're on your own."
I looked at her and said with a smile, "I'll do
my best to do just right."
With the judges' eyes on me, I looked at them
with weak knees.
They said, "Okay, Lynne, make your mark and do your
circle eight."
I pushed off, and my form was just right!
When I finished my circle, I moved away;
right then and there I knew I did great.
The judges smiled, and said I could leave:
I went to my coach. She said she was pleased.
We read the remarks with great interest; I
said to Molly, my coach, "Thanks for having so
much persistence."
We left the rink with such a high that we just
said goodbye, till tomorrow when we start again.

Your memories of spinning around and around, jumping,
hoping, flying through the air;
hearing the "Oohs" and "Ahhs" from spectators. Finally:
the months of hard work pay off!

Remembering your first pair of skates and that first new
skating dress,
that special look you get from your coach when you've
perfected that step.
Yes, those and many more will be the memories that I'll
never forget.

Though you may lose in a competition or test, you win
something yet--
that feeling of accomplishment, of reaching for that
distant star and never letting go--because
never trying is wondering all your life if you gave up too
soon.

Lynne Ann Golden-Wocell

"Love Is A Four Letter Word"

Is love really a mystery?
Or is this how it's meant to be?

Torn and fallen apart,
I continue on that long and lonesome road.
To where does it lead?

What does the future hold,
Happiness, or mere misery?

Do these things every work out right?
Are they as beautiful as a bird in flight?

Separating is never easy;
It's sheer agony!

Life is rough, so they say.
I do agree, if I may!

Can I run? Can I hide,
Like water flowing out with the tide,

Into unknown darkness? I shall end up,
Naive to the word around me.

My life hovers forever more!

Kathy Bercel

Full of ugly thorns
But pretty is the rosebud
which smiles for the sun.

Marie Schirripa

"Celebration"

As we celebrate today, becoming
husband and wife, we start,
together, a new and everlasting life.

We will share moments of joy, pain,
and sorrow but we we will go on,
always reaching for tomorrow.

Our love is strong and our
life can never die, for we
are together, husband and wife,
you and I.

Lisa J. Roberts

Watching me through the window
Watching me through,
the window
Watching me from outside
Watching me from inside
Watching me inside and out

Knowing me through my eyes
Knowing me through,
my eyes
Knowing me from outside
Knowing me from inside
Knowing me inside and out

Watching and knowing
me through.
Inside--
and out.

Madeline Sherwood

"A Man Called Death"

Suddenly there was a knock at my door.
I hurried to see who it was.
There in a mist He stood,
Tall, well-dressed, and very handsome.
He knew my name, which surprised me.
He introduced himself--his name was Death.
Suddenly, my room became cold.
I didn't want to invite Him in.
How could I invite Death into my room?
He began to speak in a warm, relaxing voice.
My fears of this man began to disappear.
He came into my room and sat down.
He began to show me pictures of
My childhood, school-days, and Loves.
He then showed me a picture of
All of my loved ones--crying.
Then I saw where they were.
They were by my grave.

Death never did leave my room.
From that day on, He stayed.

Janet L. Fisher

"Vacant Heart"

I sit alone,
Staring into the shadows.
Emptiness engulfs me,
Squeezing me hard.
I struggle--
It's no use.
It's over.
I've lost.

Cindy Osiecki

"The Artist"

He made lines sad
He made lines happy
He added shapes
That looked like dots . . .
He could give it life
He could give it death
Or give it nothing at all
No one could ever be sure--
Would the artist ever know?

Madeline Sherwood

"Timekeeper"

You are the timekeeper
of my soul,
Come wind the clock.
The gears are slowing down,
time is slipping away.
I need the key of love,
to find the seconds lost.
You hold that key I need
to keep me running every day.

Lisa J. Roberts

